

How Will You Dress For Your Vacation

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY and FARM

First of a Series of Articles

By Margery Wells

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ARE you planning to leave the city for a fortnight or a month of rest and fun?

Now, there is one cheering thought about an outfit for the country. It is inexpensive. It reaches about the lowest level of all summer wardrobes in the matter of cost.

There are the gingham, the organdy, the swiss, and the voiles. All of these have come down to figures that cheer our hearts as we look at the price tags conspicuous in the shop windows. And if by any chance you are smart enough to make up the simple little frocks yourself, why then you have a feeling of being transported suddenly to the days before the war, when a summer dress was just something to be purchased out of the change pocketbook—nothing to be considered in the least seriously.

You use the pattern of the cotton material these days for its chief design, and the matter of sewing dissolves itself into a mere nothingness.

Even cretonne is all for the country, and a dress of this material lasts through thick and thin in a summer's experience because it is so stanchly woven and so practically colored.

For the comfortable, easy hours of the day you will want a set of smocks—just slip-over-the-head affairs that are pleasant to wear, simple to wash and fortified against showing the dirt too readily.

Choose cotton crepe or cretonne for these and wear them with a knockabout skirt made of cotton ratine,



about stockings. They are wearing this summer for all kinds of wear except evening.

A sweater is a good thing to have along. It makes a pretty dress with a white linen or a white flannel skirt, and it stands in good stead when you need a little extra warmth about your shoulders.

For dances—there are always dances—have a crisp little organdy, or a hand-trimmed crepe de Chine, or a simply made Georgette crepe. Choose colors that are light and becoming, and dance your way into happiness without

DAILY MAGAZINE

Who's Who Now

Authentic List of the Folks That Really Count

By Neal R. O'Hara

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Owners of Master Minds and Keys That Direct the
Destiny of the Nation.

WHO'S WHO and how come? The real people that decompose our population. Exposed for the first time. Volume fresh from the rotaries to day, bound in cloth, canvas and rope, by Houdini. Glued edges, forty-five cents extra. A few samples of the inmates of this nobby volume are given to whet the desire.

AARON SKIFFLE, inventor. Born—At home. Educated—East St. Louis Reformatory, Blake's Mail Order School for Detectives. Invented process for photographing Eskimo pies; invented the hole-proof handkerchief; originated map of the United States, showing railroad route from New York to Seattle via Buffalo, New Orleans and Denver to be a straight line. Honorary degree—F. O. B. Detroit; K. D. K. A., Pittsburgh. Clubs—Kala's Suit Pressing Club; Anti-Saloon League.

ELLSWORTH VAN FROTH, photoplay star. Born—Beautiful. Educated—Hoboken docks, McGuire's 44th Street cabaret, the Plaza Hotel ballroom. 1911 married Rose Cohen. 1913, married Grace Valkyrie. 1915, married Adele Dimick. 1917, married Pauline Schloss. 1919, married Leah Brunelle. 1921, married Sophie Klaus. 1922, divorced Rose Cohen. 1924, divorced Grace Valkyrie. 1926, divorced Adele Dimick. 1928, divorced Pauline Schloss. 1929, divorced Leah Brunelle. 1930, divorced Sophie Klaus. Score at end of sixth inning, 6-0. Played the part of the meat clerk in "When Knighthood Was

LAURA SWOOK, film star. Born—Incognito. Educated—First to eighth grades, inclusive. Post-graduate work in painting, prinking and petting. Also undergraduate in Los Angeles Co-respondents' School. Served one term in Mack Bennett congress of bathing habits. Won Hollywood-Reno Marathon, 1916, 1919. Decrees—Interlocutory, Nisi. Wore first backless gown in 1911. Wore first frontless gown in 1915. Wore both gowns together in 1918. First movie star to use mailbag for pay envelope. Originated custom of broadcasting pink nighties. Club—Saturday Night Needlework Club.

HORMIDAS ZINK, scientist. Born—And brought up. Educated—By ear. Member of Government expedition to find word to rhyme with nausea. Invented time fuse for after-dinner speakers. First man to engrave authentic map of dry States on the head of a pin. Decorated by King of Coocho-Sapolo, by the Prime Minister of Jugo-Grog and by Bull Montana. Clubs—Cut Rate Theatre Ticket Association; Bryan-for-President Club.

"MARGIE"

By Caroline Crawford

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Margery Minton, nineteen, helps to support her widowed mother by working at the gentlemen's glove counter in a large New York department store. Her most intimate "chum" is Maisie Lee, a fellow salesgirl. Maisie's "steady" is Clarence Wimple, a floorwalker. Margie feels her real "Prize Charming" will come along and live up to her ideals. Begin this story today and see how Margie's dreams work out.

MARGIE GIVES VENT TO HER FEELINGS.

WHEN Willis Channing suggested that Margie send her mother to an institution rather than support her Margie knew just what type of man he was. She suspected it when she realized he had stolen her story and printed it under his own name, but now she knew!

He sat on the veranda of the old farmhouse calmly rocking after he suggested that she put her mother in a home, and at first Margie was so indignant that she could not find words to express herself.

"Go ahead; lots of people do it, people with plenty of money too," he continued. "You see, I came all the way out here on the farm just to get your answer, Margie, and while I would be willing to support you in first-class style, I can't say I'd be so darned anxious to take your mother on my hands. No young chap would, you know."

Margie pinched herself to keep from ordering him off the veranda, and then she suddenly calmed herself as best she could as she said: "Well, Mr. Channing, I couldn't think of marrying any man unless he would consent to help support my mother, and as to putting my darling mother in an institution—why, it's absurd, preposterous!"

"Why there's nothing to be sentimental over about putting a woman of her age in one of those refined old ladies' homes, Margie dear," declared Channing. "They all around and see all day, have fairs and—"

Margie got up and began to pace the porch. Then suddenly stopping in front of Channing's chair she said: "Do not say another word, Mr. Channing, about putting my mother in an institution. I simply won't allow you to talk that way. I have supported, at least helped to support her ever since my father died and left her with but a few hundred dollars a year income. I would work both night and day before I did what you suggested. As to marrying a man who would be so cruel—why I would rather die a hardened old maid so cross that I

The Photographs Above Show a Simple Gingham Dress for Your Country Outfit, a White Knitted Suit With All the Points of Good Summer Styles and a Smock of Cotton Crepe for Knockabout Wear.

being in the least overburdened with too many clothes.

Extra things that are good in the country are:

A silk cape with a fur or an imitation fur collar.

A linen coat dress in a pastel shade.

A picture hat drooping over the ears and trimmed with masses of flowers.

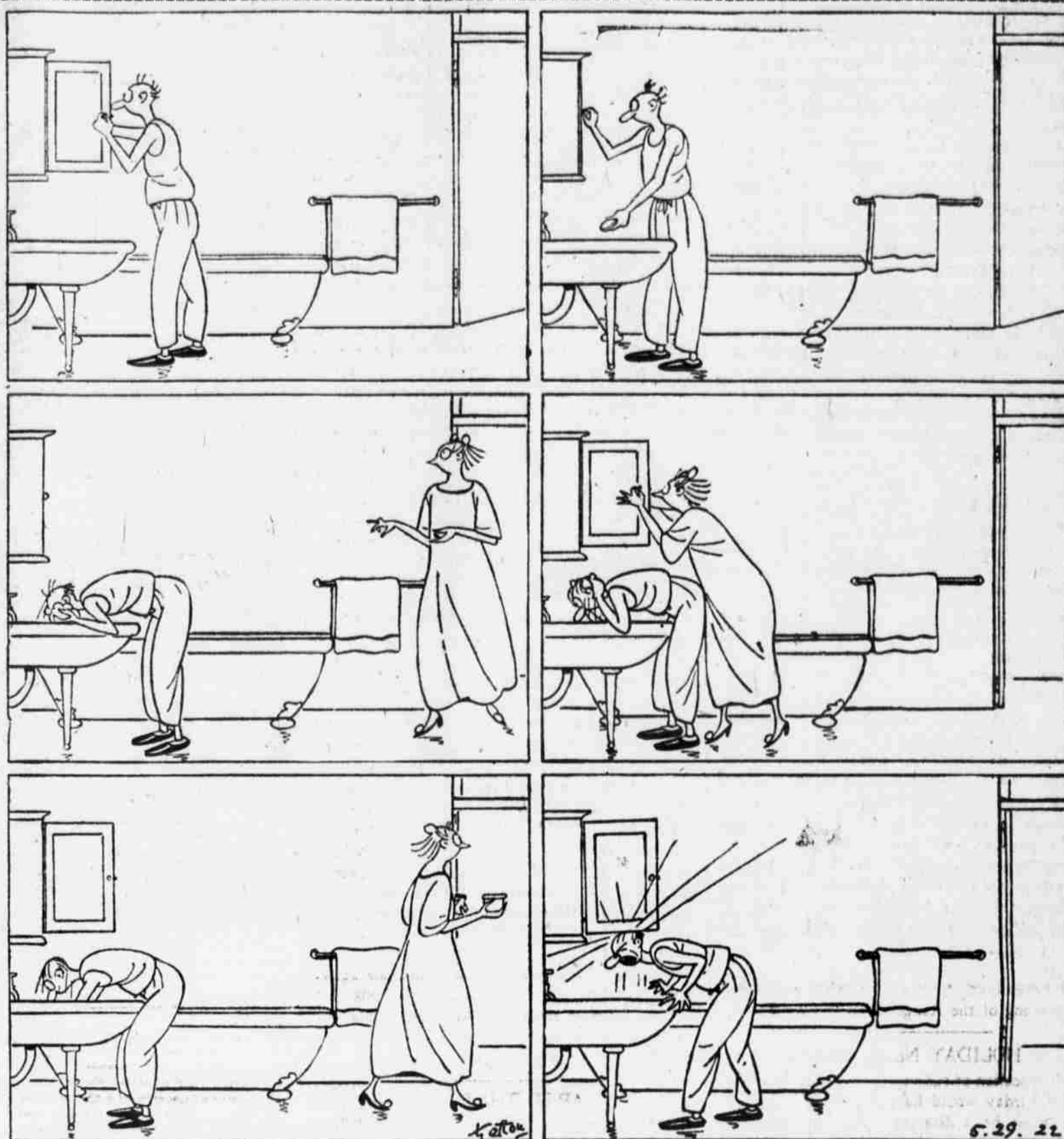
A knitted dress.

A frock of dark blue crepe de Chine or one of black satin.

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR Miss Vincent: Have

known a girl for a number

of years and taken

her out quite regularly the last

few months. I let her know my

intentions are serious and have

been told by the girl that while

she likes me she wishes to make

no binding decision as yet. This

young woman has a girl friend

living not over half an hour's ride

from her home and every three or

four weeks they spend the week-

end together at either one's home.

At such times (though I have of-

fered to take both girls out) I am

not permitted to see my friend.

Since my boy friends all have

girls, I am forced to spend some

very dull week-ends and often

miss parties that I might other-

wise attend. This seems rather

unfair and I have told the young

woman so, but she gives me little

encouragement. What do you

think?

D. W. P.

I am afraid the young woman is not

"head over heels in love" with you

or she would not treat you this way.

I do not think she is playing fair with

you and since she is unwilling to

make any binding decision I certainly

would hunt out some whole-hearted,

sincere girl and one who preferred

your company to that of a girl chum.

Fritters Made With Fruit

PINEAPPLE.

CUT pineapple in thin slices, peel, sprinkle with sugar. After an hour or longer drain. Roll each slice in fine bread crumbs, then into following batter: to one cup of flour mixed with one-half teaspoon of salt gradually add one cup of milk and one well beaten egg. The pineapple may be grated and mixed with the batter in proportion of one cup pineapple to three cups of batter. After frying in deep, hot fat, drain on paper. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with a sauce made of the pineapple juice, water and sugar.

STRAWBERRY.

Beat together one cup cold water and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Gradually stir in one cup flour sifted

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the

other evening in time to save

a little daylight—although he

never knew what he did with it after

it was saved—he sensed the absence

of the priestess of the sanctuary. He

also knew the children were not

home, because the house was quiet.

Gertrude, the maid, had rushed

back to the kitchen after opening the

door for him. She smelled the sup-

per burning and always preferred to

be present when it burned. So Mr.

Jarr followed her back in the culinary

department and asked where Mrs.

Jarr was.

"She went out with the children

and told me not to keep dinner wait-

ing in case you came home early," re-

plied Gertrude, as she turned the din-

ner, it was a beefsteak, over so the

other side might also be incinerated.

"Shall I serve the supper now, sir?"

she asked.

"No," said Mr. Jarr. "they'll be

back any minute. Keep the supper

warm, I'll wait a little."

He took the evening papers and

tried to read about Lloyd George and

Babe Ruth, who are always in the

news, although Lloyd George never

seems to be put out of the game as

Babe Ruth so constantly is.

But Mr. Jarr's mind was on his

absent ones, and, after deceiving him-

self several times in the belief that

he heard his family coming up the

stairs, even going to the door on two

false alarms, he threw down the paper

and placed himself at the open front

window eager to glimpse the first ap-

proach of wife and little ones coming

around the corner.

"Won't you have your dinner, Mr.

Jarr?" asked Gertrude, looking in.

"Mrs. Jarr told me not to wait for

her, and I have an engagement to the

movies and my gentleman friend is

waiting for me."

"You can go, and I'll wait for my

dinner," replied Mr. Jarr. "I am sure

Mrs. Jarr and the children will be

home any minute now."

The girl put on her hat, took Mrs.

Jarr's best feather fan and a few

other personal ornaments of that lady,

that she had cached aside, and de-

parted.

By this time Mr. Jarr had begun

to fret and be divided over worry-

ing about what might have happened

to the absent ones and the reflection that

he was too good a husband and father

to be thus deserted and neglected.

Finally, he put on his hat to go out

to the street corner, when Mrs. Jarr

came up the street with the children.

"I took the children out to the park

to a May party," she explained. "I

did not tell Gertrude, as I didn't want

her to be running out and leaving me

flat in case you were late. Were you

worried?"

"No, worried? What about?" asked

Mr. Jarr. But he was a changed man

for an hour or two, and refused to

go out to play pinocchis at Bill's

Smoke Shop, although Mrs. Jarr told

him he should.

GOING DOWN

DEAR READER: When some

one says something which

is unkind—keep still.

When the boss reproves you—

keep still.

When your wife or husband

begins to scold—keep still.

If you do this you will at least

be able to understand what is

meant by "Blessed are the meek;

for they shall inherit the

earth."

You do not want more, do you?

Faithfully yours,

ALFALFA SMITH.